

way to spend their summers. It proves to them that they can succeed by helping them develop the skills to succeed.

Mr. Chairman. I am appalled at the elimination of this very valuable program. It is shameful we cannot make a commitment to devote a portion of \$1 out of every \$100 toward our youth's future by funding this program. Termination of this program will send the following chilling message to our Nation's youth: Your future is not worth even 1 percent of our Federal budget.

Mr. Chairman, I urge my colleagues to vote against the elimination of this very fundamental program. The Summer Youth Employment Program is an investment in America's youth that yields positive returns for America's present and future.

DEPARTMENTS OF LABOR,
HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES,
AND EDUCATION, AND RELATED
AGENCIES APPROPRIATIONS
ACT, 1996

SPEECH OF

HON. SHEILA JACKSON-LEE

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, August 2, 1995

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 2127) making appropriations for the Departments of Labor, Health and Human Services, and Education, and related agencies, for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1996, and for other purposes:

Ms. JACKSON-LEE. Mr. Chairman, I rise today in strong opposition to the proposed cuts in various Labor Department programs that are affected in title I of this bill.

Among the most outrageous are the massive cuts in worker training programs. Cuts in adult job training, a 22-percent reduction in appropriations for the School-to-Work Program, and a reduction in funds for dislocated worker programs send a clear message to the American worker: Congress is not willing to invest in your human capital. Also through the gag rule in this bill Congress does not want to listen to your rightful grievances.

What is worse is the lack of concern this bill displays over the needs of our working youth. This appropriations bill zeros out funding for the Summer Youth Employment Program—effectively making this summer, the summer of 1995, the last year of operation for this program. It would be a tragedy for me to have to return to my district in Houston this August recess and relay the message to the working youth that benefit from this program: Enjoy your jobs while you have them this summer, kids. This will be the last year you'll have this opportunity.

The Summer Youth Employment Program works. This program reduces the number of teens that participate in gang activity and other nonconstructive behaviors during the summer months. It is better that the income from this program be used to enhance youthful opportunities for employment, challenges them with responsibilities, and provides them with an enhanced sense of self-worth.

I find the labor provisions of this bill to be a serious threat to a longstanding commitment

to invest in our people—this is a tragedy as we move toward the 21st century. Shame. Shame. Shame.

DEPARTMENTS OF LABOR,
HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES,
AND EDUCATION, AND RELATED
AGENCIES APPROPRIATIONS
ACT, 1996

SPEECH OF

HON. TOM A. COBURN

OF OKLAHOMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, August 2, 1995

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 2127) making appropriations for the Departments of Labor, Health and Human Services, and Education, and related agencies, for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1996, and for other purposes:

Mr. COBURN. Mr. Chairman, I would like to insert the following article about a crisis pregnancy center in Rockville, MD, into the RECORD.

[From Family Voice, Aug. 1995]

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

(By Candy Berkebile)

Negative advertising campaigns have targeted pro-life crisis pregnancy centers in an attempt to marginalize the role they play in young women's lives. These centers, they say, are deceptive; only care about the baby before it's born; and don't care about women. To counteract these accusations, Family Voice interviewed two young women who have made life and death decisions. Millions of women have gone through similar experiences. Their stories demonstrate the vast difference between an abortion clinic and a pregnancy center. More importantly, they help us see beyond the rhetoric to the heart of the issue. We are dealing with real women faced with crises that they don't know how to handle.

Anna, a young unwed Christian entered a Planned Parenthood clinic in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1985.

What happened to me that day changed my life forever. The day I walked into the clinic was a muggy August afternoon. I was seventeen years old and I was eight weeks pregnant. I can't tell you step by step what happened, because I remember that day in snapshots.

I went into the room, a quiet and rather serious teenager; I left a silent, deeply hurt young woman. I sat and talked to the counselor in a room that, like most others at the clinic, was clean but shabby in appearance. It was bright and cold—there was no comfort, no luxury, just the tools to change life. I'm sure the counselor told me her name, but I don't remember it. She tried to put me at ease, to let me know it was alright, and to explain what was about to happen to me. She told me about the procedure, about the qualified medical resident who would be carrying it out. Then she asked, "Anna, is this what you really want? Are you sure you have no other options?"

My voice quavered as I said, "I have to do this. My parents would never understand. They expect so much out of me and my future. I can't let them down." My mind was made up. I had to do this. There was no other way out. I hated myself for what I was about to do. But I could do nothing else.

She ushered me to another room, a room which will stay vivid in my imagination for-

ever. She gave me a smock to change into and left me alone with my thoughts and fears for a few moments. When she returned, I was sitting on the padded table-top wearing the flowered smock. She gave me a cotton blanket to wrap around my waist as I waited.

"Do you want to know the funniest thing about this whole situation?" I laughed nervously as tears brimmed my eyes.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I never believed that this could happen to me. Even when I thought I might be pregnant. I prayed to God it wasn't true. But I was still pregnant."

The resident dressed in surgical green entered the room. The counselor placed her hand over mine to calm my fingers, which had been nervously fraying the edge of the wax-like tissue paper I sat on. She said, "Anna, scoot down here to the end of the table. Put your heels in these holes—these are called stirrups." She pointed to the shiny pieces of metal protruding from the end of the table. "Now, lie back and relax. Let your knees fall to the sides. It's okay. That's right. Now relax," she said. "I'll be here with you. I'll talk to you, we'll go through this together."

I knew that while in some respects this was the truth, that nothing could be further from it. She would hold my hand, but I would experience this alone. I stared at the ceiling and counted the watermarks as the resident opened the cold steel speculum inside me. I tried to block out the discomfort and humiliation I was feeling. I was scared. She tried to divert my attention.

"Anna, what do you have planned now that you have graduated?"

"I'm going to college," I answered bravely. "I leave in to weeks." I clamped my mouth shut quickly as the pressure began to build in my lower abdomen.

"Do you know what you want to do?" She tried to speak softly, reassuringly. She knew the pain was quickly approaching.

"I want to be a lawyer," I stated in an anguished voice.

One tear sprang to the corner of my eye. She squeezed my hand. I experienced the pain—at least some of it—when the eight-week-old fetus was scraped from the inside of my womb. This, I was prepared for. But what I was not prepared for was the pain that followed in the next few seconds.

"We need more women as lawyers," she continued talking. I think she wanted to drown out any other sound I would hear. But her voice was barely a whisper to me now; I was not focusing on her. She asked me if I knew the area of law I wanted to pursue but I barely heard her, and I didn't answer. I only heard one sound; a sound which was, for me, amplified to a deafening crescendo. I flinched as I heard the hollow splash of the sopping sponge-like tissue when it bounced off the bottom of the awaiting utility bucket. I began to move my head back and forth slowly, my swollen eyes were closed, but the tears crept out.

"No. no," I repeated.

The medical resident left the room, but I didn't notice. I must have been in shock. The counselor helped me dress. Then she took me to a recovery room to lie down. I curled up on one of the many grey cots which lined the room. She sat in a chair by my side. I turned my back on her and faced the blank wall my knees were pulled almost to my chest. My body was quivering. Wave after wave of cramping pain clawed at my insides—the pain of a womb hysterically trying to readjust to its recent loss. I know she probably wanted to help, but what could she do?

Five hours later, I walked out the door. The counselor must have given me a reassuring hug as I walked out, but I can't remember anything beyond the recovery room. She